3 12 Duplicate

THE

VIRGIN QUEEN,

163. k. 7

A

DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS;

ATTEMPTED AS

A SEQUEL

TO

SHAKSPEARE'S

TEMPEST.

"O, for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
"The brighteſt heaven of invention!"

SHAKSPEARE.

London.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

TO

HIS GRACE

FRANCIS GODOLPHIN,

DUKE of LEEDS.

My Lord,

THE honour I have in being, by baptiſm, your Grace's nameſake, a conſequence of my being diſtantly related to Francis Earl of Godolphin, has emboldened me to dedicate to your Grace this weak eſſay at an imitation of our immortal Shakspeare.

Having,

DEDICATION.

Having, my Lord, no incentive to the liberty I preſume to take, but my reſpect for your Grace's taſte and virtues, I ſhould only ſully the purity of my motive, were I to expatiate on them.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

FRANCIS GODOLPHIN WALDRON.

Croſs-court, Bow-ſtreet,
Covent-garden.
May 1, 1797.

THE

VIRGIN QUEEN.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

Alonſo, *king of Naples*,
Ferdinand, *ſon to Alonſo*.
Sebaſtian, *brother to Alonſo*.

Abdallah, *king of Tunis*.
Proſpero, *duke of Milan*.
Antonio, *brother to Proſpero*.

Gonzalo,
Adrian,
Franciſco,
} *lords, attending on the king of Naples.*

Stephano, *a drunken butler*.
Ariel, *a ſpirit*.

Trinculo, *a jeſter*.
Caliban, *a ſavage*.

Maſter,
Boatſwain,
} *of the king of Naples' ſhip.*

Claribel, *queen of Tunis*.
Hyrca, *a ſorcereſs*.

Miranda, *betroth'd to Ferdinand*.
Sycorax, *a ſpirit*.

Spirits, Mariners, &c.

The SCENE is diſperſed.

PROEM.

GRAVE Proſpero, who charm'd in days of yore,
Was deeply read in magick's wond'rous lore;
Could call forth ſpirits from the vaſty deep,
And their dread power in ſtrong ſubjection keep;
Marſhal the dapper elves, and fairies trim,
By moonlight ſporting near the fountain-brim;
In ſpell-bound ſervice airy forms enroll,
Who ride the rainbow, glance from pole to pole;
And fiends of fire, more fervid than the ſun,
Through realms of thrilling ice compel to run:
Wielded Jove's bolt, bade cloud-capt mountains quake,
And the great globe unto its center ſhake;
Commanding the rude ſurge to daſh the ſkies,
From their dark beds of clay the dead ariſe!
What could he not, whom ſuch a Maſter drew?
To Nature, in his boldeſt fictions, true!
Whoſe Ariel, Caliban, ghoſts, witches, elves,
Seem Nature's children nearly as ourſelves!

But

PROEM.

But what can the weak Proſpero of theſe ſcenes,
Diveſted of all wonder-working means?
Pity, kind Reader! the rude lack of ſkill
Which traced the potent Sage with feeble quill!
Nor grieve, benignant Spirit! in thy ſphere,
Sweet Shakſpeare! to my heart of heart moſt dear!
That e'en the humbleſt of the ſcenick train
Should dare to ape thy mighty magick-ſtrain;
But rather, with thy wonted goodneſs mild,
Forgive, and oh! inſpire him, Fancy's Child!

THE

THE

VIRGIN QUEEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROSPERO'S ISLE.

Ariel *deſcends, ſinging:*

ARIEL SINGS.

SPIRITS, who the curl'd clouds ride,
Down ſlope ſun-beams deftly glide;
Through the fiſſure of the rock,
Rifted by the light'ning's ſhock,
Fiends, from nether fires aſcend;
Nymphs, who on blue Neptune 'tend,
From the ſea's pearl-paved bed,
Rear each coral-crowned head;
Elves, the mountain leave, or dell:
Liſt Ariel's call!
Aſſemble all
At your potent maſter's cell!

Enter Spirits, Fiends, Nymphs, and Elves.

ARIEL SPEAKS.

YE various miniſters of Proſpero's power,
The ſpell-bound ſervitors of his high will!
By whom the mighty worker hath perform'd
Deeds, far beyond the ſtretch of human thought;
Soon ſhall our maſter's ſtaff be buried low,
His magick-volume in the deep ſea drown'd:
Strait he'll embark; attend him till on board,
And your laſt, duteous homage to him pay:
Then to the elements be ever free
T'enjoy his boon, your dear-lov'd liberty!

ARIEL SINGS.

PURE Spirit, fiend, mild nymph, and fay,
Your duty done, make holiday!
And each enjoy their full deſire;
Pervade the earth, or ſea, or fire!
Or, on light pennon, upward fly,
To wanton in the ſummer ſky!
Pure ſpirit, fiend, mild nymph, and fay,
Your duty done, make holiday!

Burthen. Make holiday!

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Enter Boatſwain, Trinculo, *and Mariners.*

BOATSWAIN.

YARE! yare!—bear a hand with that ſtowage; here's a freſh breeze ſprung up, and as fair for Italy as heart can wiſh.

TRINCULO.

And where's the wonder o'that?—did not the fairy promiſe old grey-beard as much?—and your true fairies are no courtiers.

BOATSWAIN.

A fairy promiſe?—why, what a plague, are we to be puff'd along by the devil and his imps! I don't know what to make of this conjuration! and as for duke Proſpero, I'm a lubber if I think him a jot better than an old wizard!

TRINCULO.

Between ourſelves, boatſwain, I take him to be a kind of friar Bacon, or doctor Fauſtus; that I heard ſo many tales about, in England: and like them, he has ſold himſelf to the devil in the next world, that he may be able to play

the devil in this: which he did, with a vengeance, when he wreck'd us on this iſle of devils! [*Sudden darkneſs.*

BOATSWAIN.

Avaſt!—I wiſh he be not at ſome of his diabolical tricks again!—'twas as clear a morn as ever ſhone but now; and, lo! on a ſudden, how it is overcaſt!

Lightning, Thunder, Wind, &c.

And ſee!—and hark!—heigh, how it rumbles!

TRINCULO.

'Maſs! I fear miſchief's a-foot! and here comes Stephano in a parlous taking.

Enter Stephano.

STEPHANO.

Oh, oh, oh! deliver me from ſuch a ſight again!—boatſwain! Trinculo! I have been ſo ſcared!

BOATSWAIN.

With what, I trow?

STEPHANO.

The conjuring duke has been ſinking his necromancy-book to the bottom of the red-ſea here—

here—it can be no other!—breaking his magical-ſtick, and burying it half-way to Belzebub; which has cauſed ſuch a clatter among the elements, that I thought dooms-day was come, at leaſt!

BOATSWAIN.

I'm no ſeaman, if I reliſh this ſame witchcraft!—and the old magick-monger is going aboard too!—I wiſh we get ſafe to port!—I doubt it:—I'd as lief ſail with a corpſe as a conjuror!

TRINCULO.

By'r lady, boatſwain, I'm of your mind! I ſhall never dare to walk the deck after dark, Stephano, much leſs keep watch there all night, as he once ſaid we ſhould, for dread of ſpirits, and hobgoblins.

STEPHANO.

The bare thought of it gives me the ſhaking palſy, fellow Trinculo!—he were fitter to watch o'nights himſelf, and let ſervant-monſter be his mate: then, if any goblins ſhould board us, they could gibber with them in their own infernal dialect.

BOATSWAIN.

He don't intend, I hope, to take that land-ſhark

ſhark aboard;—an' he do not keep him in an iron cage, he'll devour all the ſhip's proviſions, and tear us to pieces for more.

TRINCULO,

Who? Caliban? not he, o'my troth!—though he be a monſter, he's a tame one; and no glutton neither:—give him but the bottle, you ſtop his mouth at once.

STEPHANO.

Now you talk of the bottle, Trinculo, I think a ſup of it would do me no harm, after the panick I have been in; what ſay ye to ſome ſack, boys, before we ſet ſail?

TRINCULO.

Ay, and after too; for I quake horribly with apprehenſion.

STEPHANO.

Follow, then;—the rock, my wine-cellar, is in our way to where the ſhip rides: and our word ſhall be, no night-watching! for fear of ſpirits and hobgoblins!

TRINCULO.

Ay, ſpirits and hobgoblins!—'mercy on us! ſay I, and ſend us all ſafe to Naples!

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, Miranda, *and* Caliban.

CALIBAN.

NO, 'pr'ythee, Proſper, do not leave me here
'Mong'ſt fiends and ſpirits; who, when thou'rt not by
To ſhield him, will lone Caliban devour!

PROSPERO.

Be ſatisfied;—there's nought to apprehend.
In Neptune's bed my magick-volume ſunk,
And many fathoms earth'd my broken ſtaff,
Upon this iſle no ſpirit will abide
Of good or evil, to delight or fear:—
Puppets and elves ſhall gambol here no more,
In ſportive ringlets, by pale Hecate's gleam;—
No more ſhall hideous ſpectres ſcare thee home,
Loit'ring and grumbling at thy bidden taſk;—
For, when I leave thee, thou'lt be more alone
Than when, with Ariel pent i'th' cloven pine,
A ſhapeleſs, helpleſs thing, I prowling found thee.

CALIBAN.

Which lonelineſs I now miſlike and dread,
More than thy ſprites and fiends; 'cuſtom'd to ſort
With monkies, apes, baboons, I felt not, ere My

My noble lord came here, it's irkſomeneſs;
But thou haſt taught it me: then leave me not,
I pr'ythee!—take me hence!—I'll lick thy feet,
And ever be obedient to controul.

PROSPERO.

What ſays Miranda? does my child approve
We take our late offending vaſſal hence?

CALIBAN.

Speak for me, miſtreſs! I'll be naught no more.

MIRANDA.

I think, dear ſir! the creature's much reform'd
Since your forgiveneſs of his laſt offence;
And, by commixture with ſo many men,
He hourly humanizes: pity 'twere
In loneſome wretchedneſs to leave him now,
The ſpeechleſs brutes his ſole ſociety,
Perforce a ſavage to become again.

CALIBAN.

Thanks! miſtreſs! thanks!—thou ſmooth-fac'd
man, ſpeak too!

FERDINAND.

'Pleaſe you, ſir, take him hence; I dare engage
He'll do you duteous ſervice in return.

CALIBAN.

Good now, my king, be mov'd!

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

I am content;
But, have a care! look you deſerve this grace!

CALIBAN.

Yea, that I will, in ſooth, my noble lord!
In the new world thou goeſt to, will I dig
For hidden ſprings, to ſlake my maſter's thirſt;
Rend thee down fewel; ſcoop thee a trim cell;
And be in all things meet thy vaſſal true!

PROSPERO.

Enough;—endeavour to do well, good deeds
Will follow, and beget thee farther favour.

CALIBAN.

Yet grant one other boon, and I am ſped!
'Stead of this rugged hide, to 'ray me now
In ſome ſleek garment of my bounteous lord;
Or ſtill yon dolts thy ſlave will moon-calf call!

PROSPERO.

'Twere not amiſs; thou may'ſt:—but tarry not.

CALIBAN.

I thank thy greatneſs!—I'll return anon,
And be thy lowly foot-licker for aye!

Exit.

PROSPERO.

Miranda! ſolace ever of my woes!
Beloved Milan thou wilt ſoon reviſit;
Whence, with thy hapleſs ſire, thou wert outcaſt
By dire ambition, ſource of ev'ry ill!

MIRANDA.

I ſcarce can gueſs what 'tis ambition means;
If ill, I muſt diſclaim it: for all mine
Is center'd in my ſire's and Ferd'nand's love!

FERDINAND.

Thou ſweeteſt flow'r that e'er in deſert grew!
In whom the dignity of crowned queens
With rural innocence and beauty joins,
Here let me breathe forth——

PROSPERO.

Huſh! our friends approach.—
The ſugar'd prattle of chaſte love, my ſon!
Howe'er th' enraptur'd maid it may delight,
Or glad the doating parent's liſt'ning ear,
To each one elſe inſipid is, and dull!

Enter Gonzalo.

GONZALO.

My good lord Proſpero, I've ſearch'd up and down
This iſle of yours, for ſomewhat to take home;

Some

Some ſeld-ſeen rarity, as travellers uſe:
But, faith and troth, my lord, for aught I ſee,
Naples or Milan nothing hence can get,
Or valuable, or curious to behold.

PROSPERO.

Yes, my Gonzalo! honour'd friend! to whom
That now I live thence to return I owe!
One thing, at leaſt, to wonder at we'll take;
The miſ-created knave you ſaw ere while,
I now intend——

GONZALO.

Not to take home, I hope!
There were too many monſters, native there,
Elſe had you ne'er him found, or Milan loſt.

PROSPERO.

That we no more will think on, good old lord!
A fault forgiv'n ſhould alſo be forgot;
Or, like a half-heal'd wound, 'twill feſter ſtill,
And rankle at the core.

FERDINAND.

Conſummate goodneſs!

GONZALO.

I'th' name of all that's ſavage! what comes here?
The thing we ſpake of, ſurely, new-attir'd!

Enter Caliban.

Why, how now, ſirrah? wherefore this fine change,
From a rough ſkin to an embroider'd ſilk?

CALIBAN.

I crav'd this robe, that by yon ſcoffing apes
I might no more be flouted at, and mock'd;—
They call'd me ſervant-monſter, moon-calf, fiſh!
Perchance they'll think I am more man-like now;
It may be, but I am not near ſo warm:
A ſhaggy hide, from the chill breeze to 'fend,
Is far more worth than 'broider'd ſilken robe.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, *and* Anthonio.

PROSPERO.

Welcome, great king! welcome and health to all!
The earth-dividing ſea, now ſmiling calm,
By ſwarthy Africk and fair Europe beach'd,
Our good keel ſoon ſhall plough; ſoon we, I truſt,
Loſt Italy regain!

ALONZO.

'Till we arrive,
Moſt injur'd Proſpero! each hour's a year;
So much this beauteous maid I wiſh to ſee
My Ferd'nand's bride, thee to thy right reſtor'd.

ANTHONIO.

Nor ſhall I know a happy moment, ſir!

'Tiſ

'Till I, in Milan, formally have made
A public reſignation of your ſeat;
Which that I e'er uſurp'd ſore ſmites my heart!

SEBASTIAN.

No ſoul in Italy but will rejoice
To ſee my much-lov'd brother, Naples' king,
With Milan's rightful duke, and their 'troth'd heirs!

Enter Adrian, *and* Franciſco.

PROSPERO.

Now, ſirs, I pray, is all in readineſs?

ADRIAN.

All, all, great ſir!

FRANCISCO.

Our brave, refitted, ſhip,
With unfurl'd ſails, that ſwell before the breeze,
Seems, like the mettled racer, ere he ſtart,
Hardly held in, impatient of delay!

PROSPERO.

Here, then, I bid adieu to ſolitude!—
Farewell the deſert wild, the ſandy beach,
Where oft, from dawn to duſky e'en, I ſtrain'd
My anxious eye-balls to deſcry a ſail;
Farewell my humble cave, whoſe flinty bed

My

My aged body hardineſs hath taught,
But ne'er ſubdued the feelings of my mind:
While ſome, whoſe limbs enervate upon down,
Suffer their hearts to harden into ſtone.
Farewell Adverſity;—O, tutor ſage!
Still may I practiſe what of thee I learn'd.
Farewell my ſorrows all!—hail! ſmiling Peace!
And laud we Heaven for this our bleſt releaſe!

Exeunt all but Caliban.

CALIBAN.

Now ſhall I ſee the wond'rous, yearn'd-for place,
Where many Proſpers, and Mirandas dwell:
He calls it Milan:—I opine 'tis Heaven!
It muſt, it muſt! for many ſuch as ſhe
Would make a Heaven e'en of this deſert iſle!

Enter Boatſwain, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

BOATSWAIN.

Come, bear a hand, ye bibbers! the king and company are juſt about to embark.

STEPHANO.

I told you, Trinculo, I'd get my bottle out of the pool;—here, lay to——

TRINCULO.

'Thank you, boy! a good voyage to us, and no hobgoblins! [*Drinks.*]

STEPHANO.

STEPHANO.

Who have we here? my man-monſter! and in a guarded jerkin?

TRINCULO.

The goblins ſtripp'd us, laſt night, of our ſhare of the frippery; how cam'ſt thou ſtill ſo bedeck'd, mooncalf?

CALIBAN.

I am no monſter! nor no moon-calf, fools!
Yon' great ones, wiſer far than ye! ſay I'm
A proper man! then henceforth flout no more!

STEPHANO.

Trinculo, the wenches in Italy muſt look to their hearts now, and we may wear the willow; for there'll be no making love to any purpoſe, while Signior Caliban is by.

BOATSWAIN.

Belay this prating, and make for the beach; or ye'll be left aſtern.

TRINCULO.

Come along, Ban!—and, when we are aboard, I'll teach you how to pare your pig-nut nails, againſt you go a-wooing.

CALIBAN.

Haſte thou, vile patch! or here be left alone;
Then, as for food ye faint, ye'll wiſh in vain

For

For my long nails, ſuch dainties to unearth:
Prizing what, dolt-like, now ye dare deride!

Exit Caliban.

STEPHANO.

Say'ſt thou ſo, bully monſter? lead the way then; we are for no ſuch dainties: lead on, Moon-calf! farewell, crab-iſland! Naples a-hoy!—a briſk gale, and no hobgoblins!

TRINCULO.

Ay, Stephano! a briſk gale, and no hobgoblins!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

THE BEACH.

The Ship in view.

Enter Ariel, *attended by other Spirits; meeting* Proſpero, Miranda, Alonſo, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, Anthonio, Sebaſtian, Adrian *and* Franciſco.

ARIEL.

HAIL, noble maſter! ſtill I greet you ſo;
Though, by your bounty, and your art abjur'd,
I now am free as the ſurrounding air!

Summon'd

Summon'd by Ariel, the obedient winds
To waft you to fair Italy attend.

PROSPERO.

My dainty chick! my bird! that cancels all
The kindneſses I e'er have ſhewn to thee!
Are we aſſembled all, my loving friends?
Where is our ſervant, Caliban?

Enter Caliban, Boatſwain, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

CALIBAN.

Here, lord!
Thy foot-licker is here—O, Setebos!
What glorious thing is yon', as mountain huge!
Doth firmly reſt upon th' unſtable ſea?
Fanning, with flickering top, the welkin's cheek!
'Tis ſure ſome god, is come to bear us hence
To Milan; which I rightly judg'd was Heaven!

PROSPERO.

None now are wanting; inſtant' we'll embark:
And, Heaven permitting, Italy ſoon reach.
Now, my lov'd Ariel, a laſt adieu!
As mountain-air, or thought unlimited,
To the elements, and through unbounded ſpace,
Delicate ſpirit! be thou ever free!

ARIEL.

One word, my honour'd maſter! ere we part.—
Thy grateful ſervant would, were't poſſible,
Aſſure thy voyage clear of doubt or dread;
But that is not permitted! all he can
Is to adviſe, and hope his fears are vain.

PROSPERO.

What means my gentle Ariel?—ſpirit, ſpeak!

ARIEL.

Returning from my queſt of favouring winds,
As, near the ſummit of a burning mount,
E'en now, I was deſcending to this ſpot;
A ſulph'rous demon, iſſuing from it's vent,
Pour'd moſt unwelcome tidings in mine ear!

PROSPERO.

Say on, if they import or mine or me!

ARIEL.

The ſpirit of that foul witch, Sycorax,
Who died, thou know'ſt, upon this iſle, great ſir!
From the blue lake of fire, wherein 'twas plung'd,
Will ſoon be loos'd, till the dread day of doom!
Pow'r ſhe will have to cleave th' intrenchant air,
And gird with trackleſs zone both land and ſea;
But, as her paſſions ever earthly were,

And

And ſhe was native of dark Africk's clime,
On earth, in Africk only, can ſhe harm.
For that her ſon's your ſlave, the fiend beware!
Touch not at land, ſir! 'till your port you gain;
Where once arriv'd, you may abide ſecure.

PROSPERO.

Thanks for thy caution, virtue's conſtant friend!
Though, ſurely, I can have no cauſe of fear.
Heaven knows I foſter'd carefully her ſon;
That, at his earneſt ſuit, I take him hence,
From ſolitude to free him, not enſlave;
Nor will I baſely leave him now, albeit
With hags and fiends no longer can I cope:
But, on th' Omnipotent, moſt firm, rely!
Who, if the variegated earth we tread,
Or plough the printleſs boſom of the deep,
Is equally our pilot, guide, and guard!
All-ruling! ever-watchful! good and juſt!

ARIEL.

Now, ſir, embark; and, as I wiſh, be bleſt!
Farewell, ſweet miſtreſs! ever mild and pure!
Farewell, good maſter! cheerily on board!
That I corporeal were, t' embrace my lord!
Approach, ye ſpirits!—'would I mortal were
One moment, to diſtil the tender tear!

Whilſt Proſpero, *&c. embark,* Ariel *ſings, and the other Spirits bear the burthen of the Ditty.*

ARIEL SINGS.

NO more by moonlight ſhall be ſeen,
Upon this iſle's enamell'd green,
Or on the yellow ſands and ſhelves,
In ſportive dance, the fairy-elves;
Since thy low dell, and rock-roof'd cell,
Thou now forſak'ſt. Farewell! Farewell!

Burthen, Farewell! Farewell!

To bid adieu, lov'd maſter, hark!
Thy faithful watch-dogs hoarſely bark;
And thy departure blithe to cheer,
Loud crows the ſhrill-ton'd chanticlere.
A parting knell, with tuneful ſhell,
The ſea-nymphs ſound; ding, ding, dong, bell!

Burthen, Ding, ding, dong, bell!

Exeunt.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A CABIN IN THE KING OF NAPLES' SHIP AT SEA

Enter Anthonio, *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTHONIO.

TUSH! tell not me; i'th' night we might have done't:
Inſtead of this, 'would I had ſtay'd behind,
In yon' lone iſle to reign, a rock my throne,
And been both lord and ſubject to myſelf!

SEBASTIAN.

But, will you hear? think not I mean you ſhould,
Through Milan-ſtreets, page Proſpero's proud heels;
Like captive king in Roman victor's train.

ANTHONIO.

Nor will I ever, come what may inſtead!
Death! to be hooted by a ſenſeleſs rabble,
The ſcorn of ſlaves who knelt i' th' mire to me!
Deſerted and deſpis'd! no refuge left,
Unleſs to ſhave my crown, turn whining monk,
And ſupplicate for ſcanty dole of bread!

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

You apprehend too quickly; I no more
Than you mean tamely to return, and live
Obſcure in Naples, where I thought to rule;
And yet intend: as thou may'ſt ſtill in Milan.

ANTHONIO.

At length thou ſpeak'ſt; ſay on! I am all attention!

SEBASTIAN.

Vainly 'gainſt Proſp'ro's art we had contended;
But, mark our fortune! ere on board he came,
His wand he brake, and drown'd his magick book:
Foregoing, nay abjuring, moſt fool-like,
The only means by which we had been foil'd!

ANTHONIO.

'Tis true!

SEBASTIAN.

We're equal now! and, by a deed,
The world, were't known, might villainy miſcall,
Ere we arrive at Italy's lov'd ſhore,

We'll

We'll lay in an eternal, dreamleſs, ſleep,
Alonſo, Proſp'ro, Ferdinand, nay all!

ANTHONIO.

Impoſſible! ſo cloſely we're obſerv'd!

SEBASTIAN

Go to! to men like us reſolv'd, 'tis eaſy!
For, in the night, whoſe next morn lights us home,
Can we but get the boat, nay even a plank
Whereon to float ourſelves, to th' crew unknown;
We'll ſink or fire the ſhip, whence none can 'ſcape!
Then to th' amazed multitude on ſhore,
With hypocritick wailing, tell a tale
Of wreck, and deaths; and reign compleatly bleſt!

ANTHONIO.

My Delphick oracle! it ſhall be done!
I' th' ſhip ſhall they find death, i' th' ſea a grave,
Where they may ever reſt! here break we off—
Our faces maſk in ſmiles, and 'tend the king,
Leſt our retirement ſhould be marvell'd at;
Confirming th' adage as we play our parts—
Fair viſages oft cover fouleſt hearts!

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

THE DECK.

Stephano, Trinculo, *and* Caliban.

STEPHANO.

NOW, Ban! how do you ſtomach ſailing? is't not rare to ſkim like a gull thus, 'twixt wind and water? how doſt like it, eh?

CALIBAN.

I like it much! This is a brave, fine god!
And bears us daintily;—how ſwift he is!
He ſcuds the ocean fleet as fawn the earth!
O, that my dam were living to behold him!
Grim Setebos ſhe would renounce with ſcorn;
Low, proſtrate, fall with me; and thus adore!
[kneeling.]

TRINCULO.

What's i' the wind, now, 'trow?

CALIBAN.

Thou unmatch'd wonder!—miracle of pow'r!
Hear thy vow'd vaſſal's pray'r, and grant his ſuit!
Give me but vengeance on my tyrant lord,
(Whom, tho' I feign'd repentance, I deteſt!)
And

And in theſe arms his daughter once to clip,
I'll ever be thy bond-ſlave worſhipper!

[*Riſing.*

TRINCULO.

So! the apoſtate has got him a new idol, Stephano; you may return to your dog and buſh again; he'll worſhip you no more.

CALIBAN.

What means this giddineſs?—I cannot ſtand!

TRINCULO.

And note, if the moon-calf be not drunk too!

STEPHANO.

Out, you ninny!—'tis only the ſhip's motion makes him ſtagger ſo; as it did me erewhile.

TRINCULO.

By'r lady, and ſo it may;—but a ſherris-ſack was mix'd with the ſhip's motion when you caught the ſtaggers.

CALIBAN.

Sure I'm become what they call drunk again!
But know not how;—for, ſave mere element,
Nought have I ſwallow'd ſince I left the iſland.

TRINCULO.

How he reels!

CALIBAN.

I pr'ythee ſhew where I may lie and ſleep,
That Proſper ſee me not: elſe he will chide!

STEPHANO.

Why, ſurely, the ſhallow-brain'd ideot thinks himſelf drunk indeed!

TRINCULO.

A rare conceit!—we'll humour it;—and, while he is napping, if we can find the old necromancer in the mood, try to get off keeping watch here at night.

STEPHANO.

Agreed.—Come along, you drunken owl! and we'll lead you where you may rooſt in ſafety, 'till your are ſober.

CALIBAN.

But am I drunk in ſooth?—I pr'ythee, ſay!

TRINCULO.

Drunk, quotha?—there's a queſtion!—ay, reeling-ripe, as when the piping fairy led us by the

the ears into the pool; then, indeed, it was with ſack: now, only with the ſhip's motion:—but a ſmall matter will turn a weak head!

CALIBAN.

Give me ſack now! for I can but be drunk!
'Twill drown my fear, and make me full of mirth;
I may as well be jocund-drunk, as ſad:—
Give me ſome ſack, I pr'ythee, ere I ſleep!

STEPHANO.

Here's a flaggon for you, fiſh!—the king in the cabin can't drink better.

CALIBAN.

'Tis paſſing good! a king 'twill make of me!
This ſhall my pillow be;—I'll drink and ſleep;
Nor dread ſour Proſper, while of this I've ſtore.

SINGS.

I gather'd ripe cluſters of grapes from the vine,
Then champ'd 'em, and ſwill'd 'em, rejoic'd ſo to dine;
Yet, like a dull aſs, was ſaid, beaten, and jeer'd,
Of adder, ape, urchin, and goblin afear'd!
But, liquor celeſtial now, plenteous, I quaff,
At adder, ape, urchin, and goblin can laugh;
Ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho! I now ſhould not fear,
Though Proſper and all his curſt ſpirits were here.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

THE KING'S CABIN.

Enter Ferdinand.

FERDINAND.

HOW bleſt a change hath in few hours been wrought,
From dread of death to views of happieſt life!
My royal ſire preſerv'd; a moſt rare bride
By heav'n, her father, and herſelf beſtow'd:
What could I more have wiſh'd? how this deſerve?

Enter Miranda.

MIRANDA.

My life, my lord, my Ferdinand! where art thou?

FERDINAND.

What means my love? and why this war of white
Againſt the damaſk roſes of thy cheek?

MIRANDA.

Thou wilt not marvel when thou ſhalt have heard!—
Yet, can it be? can beauteous, godlike man,
Who bears his great creator's face and form,

The

The continent of an immortal ſoul,
His heavenly nature by ſuch deeds debaſe!

FERDINAND.

Thou talk'ſt in riddles, deareſt! be more plain.

MIRANDA.

Thoſe villain lords,—I tremble while I ſpeak,—
Anthonio and Sebaſtian, I've o'erheard
Plot a moſt ſavage cruelty; and doom
Us all to periſh, that themſelves may reign!
Reſolving, ere we reach th' intended port,
(For their own ſafety taking firſt good care)
To burn or ſink the ſhip, and all therein.

FERDINAND.

Well might'ſt thou, trembling, wonder ſuch could be!
Yet, fear no harm; their foul intent foreknown,
Shall make us guard from that, and ev'ry ill:
Nor think, O pureſt maid! for they are baſe,
That the whole race of mankind is the ſame.

MIRANDA.

That were, ſweet love! too ſimple even in me;
Tho' all unread i'th' peopled world's great book.
Our iſle's ſmall page hath ſchool'd me better lore!
My father comes! ſhield him, all gracious heaven!

Enter

Enter Profpero.

PROSPERO.

Wherefore theſe looks and accents of alarm?
Say, hath there chanc'd any unuſed event?
Or know you aught to come gives cauſe of fear?

FERDINAND.

I truſt there's none, ſir;—but, thoſe treach'rous
Lords, Sebaſtian and Anthonio, link'd in vice!
Miranda hath o'erheard, remorſeleſs, doom
Their neareſt blood, Alonſo, thee, nay all!
By ſea, or fire, to unprepar'd-for death!

PROSPERO.

And are theſe wretches men? of women born?
Of kin and kind with us?—retire, retire!
Stay not to ſee my weakneſs, ſhould I weep
To think my mother ſuch a monſter bore!
Nor he frail Nature's only blot and ſhame!
Retire, my children;—nay, I pray you go!—

FERDINAND.

Miranda, come!—let us obey thy ſire;
And warn, while abſent from him, all our friends,
To guard againſt thoſe villains' dire deſign.

MIRANDA.

My father! O, my father! guard him, heaven!

Exeunt Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

O monſtrous! monſtrous! wicked, horrid pair!
Worſe than the beaſt I rear'd; who, tho' hell-born,
More human is than theſe moſt curſed fiends!
Their plot, thus timely known, muſt prove abortive;
But the intention I'll ſeverely puniſh!

Enter Trinculo, *and* Stephano.

TRINCULO.

There, there he is!—we have caught him alone at laſt.—Now to try if we can get off keeping watch!—He ſeems but in a crabbed humour tho;—if I had not taken a cheering draught, I ſhould not dare to accoſt him.

STEPHANO.

He can't conjure the cramp into us now, you know;—ſo, we may venture ſafe enough:—hem!—may it pleaſe your highneſs—

PROSPERO.

How now! what means this bold intruſion, ſlaves!

STEPHANO.

Heaven defend us from cramp, ague, and palſy!

[*They both fall upon their knees.*

TRINCULO

TRINCULO.

And may t'other place keep lock'd-up all the ghoſts, devils, and hobgoblins!

PROSPERO.

Hence, drunken fools! upon the deck; away!

TRINCULO.

O lord! that's the very place we want to ſhun! —it's almoſt ſunſet;—and I would not ſtay upon deck when 'tis dark to be duke of Milan.

STEPHANO.

Nor I, though I might marry your highneſs's fair daughter.

PROSPERO.

What ſay the brainleſs dolts of duke and daughter? Foul drunkards, hence! and conſort with the monſter.

TRINCULO.

The monſter is now ſleeping off his drunkenneſs;—good your grace! let him watch while we ſleep off ours.

PROSPERO.

Has he! has Caliban been drunk again?

STEPHANO.

So drunk, an't pleaſe you! that we were forc'd

to

to lead him to his kennel; where he lay, curſing your highneſs, and ſwallowing ſack, 'till he fell faſt aſleep.

PROSPERO.

Haſte!—'rouſe, and drag th' incorrigible hither!

STEPHANO.

Here will be ſad work, I doubt, Trinculo,

[*Aſide to each other.*

TRINCULO.

O for a whirlwind now, to carry us out of his unmerciful clutches!

Exeunt Stephano *and* Trinculo.

PROSPERO.

Foul abſtract of his dam, and helliſh ſire!
Nor kindneſs nor ſeverity avail,
To root out native evil from this beaſt!
Then let him ſuffer with theſe wretched knaves,
And that more-guilty, for leſs-ignorant pair!
Who, for our ſafety on this watry waſte,
Shall day and night upon the deck abide:
And, when we Naples reach, the bloody lords
I will conſign to ſhame! the ſavage drive
Into ſome wild, from haunt of men remote!

Enter Stephano, Trinculo, *and* Caliban.

Caliban ſinging.

LET's troul a jocund catch!
Laugh, drink, and ſing,
'Till the welkin ring!
I'll firing no more fetch;
But Proſper brain,
And henceforth reign,
Mine own great lord and king!

Whither doſt lead me!—what, doth Proſper ſleep?
And ſhall we quell the hated tyrant now?

PROSPERO.

Approach, thou earth! thou drunken, murd'rous ſlave!

CALIBAN.

Thou ly'ſt! I am no ſlave;—but free as thou!
If I perchance am drunk, 'twas this huge god,
Whoſe man-fed belly we are now within,
Did make me ſo while I did worſhip him.
Muſt I be ever thus for nothing chid!

PROSPERO.

That was the plea before—a fancied god!
E'en this dull ſot, as ſenſeleſs as thyſelf;
Who, with his mate and thee, conſpir'd my death!

Thy

Thy ignorance pitying, I then forgave;—
But for this wiiful treſpaſs, on the deck,
Hag-ſeed! beſure thou 'bide, from now till morn.
Pack you both with him, ſirrahs! and partake
Alike the puniſhment as the offence!—
I hop'd my fallen brother t'have reclaim'd,
And humaniz'd this wretched, wayward brute;
It may not be:—heaven's ruler governs all!
And, tho' through ſeeming labyrinths he leads,
The bleſt event ſtill juſtifies his ways!

Exit Proſpero.

TRINCULO.

So, we muſt e'en go upon deck at laſt! in ſpite of all our wiſe ſchemes to prevent it!—if the devil or his dam ſhould pay us a viſit in the night, what will become of us, Stephano?

STEPHANO.

Oh, never heed!—the monſter is to be with us;—and companions in diſtreſs make ſorrow the leſs:—I don't care for the old one himſelf, when I am in good company: do you, moon-calf?

CALIBAN.

Peace, ye dull fools! I will no more endure
This ſcurvy jeſting;—ye are baſe and falſe!

Ye firſt, like fiends, ſeduce, and then betray!
Beware, foul traitors, how henceforth ye mock;
Leſt into both I ſtrike my ſharpen'd fangs,
And 'gainſt each other daſh ye, mongrels, dead!

STEPHANO.

What a bloody-minded ſavage!

TRINCULO.

'Maſs! I'm as much afraid of him now, as I was before of hobgoblins.

STEPHANO.

Fellow Trinculo, we'll watch 'till he's aſleep again; then muzzle, and laſh him to the main-maſt: where he may growl his fill, and we not fear him.

TRINCULO.

A match!—I'll make the muzzle, and you ſhall put it on.

STEPHANO.

Come, ſervant-monſter! don't fall out with your man-i'-the-moon-god! I'll warrant you get no harm upon deck;—you ſhall have my cloak to ſleep on, and Trinculo's to cover you; with your ſkin full of ſack to keep the cold out: and to-morrow we'll deviſe ſome rare revenge againſt this old crabſtock, Proſpero.

CALIBAN.

CALIBAN.

The thought of that would make me brave the night,
Tho' rent-up rocks 'mid yeſty waves o'erdaſh'd,
And livid light'ning ſcath'd my unſty'd head!

STEPHANO.

Cheer up, then!—and, to drive away care, I'll troul the catch you are ſo fond of.—I made it myſelf, when I was in the bilboes with ſome more jolly lads; for railing, in our cups, againſt duke Anthonio: who was proxy for the tawny-moor king of Tunis, at our princeſs Claribel's marriage at Naples.

TRINCULO.

I remember it!—you ſaid, tho' his ſkin was whiter, you believ'd his heart was as dingy as king Abdallah's face—ſo, ſing away, boy! and we'll bear the burthen.

STEPHANO SINGS.

Flout 'em, and ſcout 'em—ſcout 'em and flout 'em,
thought is free;
Maul 'em and gaul 'em—vile names to call 'em,
let's agree:
We care for no king—the duke's a baſe thing,
worſe then we;
In ſpite of his grace, we'll ſing to his face
Liberty!
O ſweet

O ſweet liberty! ſing, boys, merrily;
O, rare liberty!
We'll drink and be free, like fiſh in the ſea:
O, rare liberty!

Burthen. O, ſweet liberty! &c.
O, rare liberty! &c.

Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE DECK, *by moonlight.*

On one part, Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio, *walking to and fro; at another,* Stephano *and* Trinculo, *at work;* Caliban *aſleep near them: a Mariner, keeping watch.*

SEBASTIAN.

WELL, ſir, how reliſh you this treatment, pray?
Is not your gentle brother wond'rous kind,
In ſuff'ring us to paſs the chilly night
Thus upon deck, whilſt he lies warm below?

ANTHONIO.

O, kind indeed! as you ſay, wond'rous kind!
A precious ſample of fraternal love!
To be dragg'd here at his imperious will,
And left to conſort with theſe wretched ſlaves!
But, liſt! yon' mariner, who keeps the watch;
E'en now was ſinging; let's attend the lay:
It may compoſe, at leaſt divert our thoughts.

MARINER SINGS.

WHEN the ſeaman quits the ſhore,
Let him think on home no more;
For, of thoſe who tempt the main,
But a part ſee home again!

Some

Some are wreck'd, ſome tempeſt-toſt,
To the bottom plung'd and loſt!
Seamen, when you quit the ſhore,
Think on home and friends no more!

When the raging tempeſts blow,
High we're mounted, daſh'd down low!
'Mong'ſt the ſtars now, trembling, peep;
Now explore the yawning deep!
Some ariſe, ſome there remain,
Ne'er behold the light again!
Seamen, when you quit the ſhore,
Think on home and friends no more!

When the ſea's with calmneſs crown'd,
And the heavens ſmile around:
Even then diſeaſe may rage,
Death alike ſnatch youth and age!
Warfare, famine, fire, and drought,
Millions to their end have brought!
Seamen, when you quit the ſhore,
Think on home and friends no more!

SEBASTIAN.

This artleſs ditty has more pow'r to ſooth,
Then many an intricate, and labour'd ſtrain:

ANTHONIO.

'Thas calm'd me for the preſent: let's repoſe!

[*They retire.*

STEPHANO.

Well ſung, i'faith! though it almoſt lull'd me aſleep.—Come, Trinculo, have not you finiſh'd

PREVIOUS BLANK PAGES

HAVE NOT BEEN FILMED

CALIBAN.

Ho, ho, ho, ho! thy ſword is blunt, old man!
Now could I grind thy pithleſs bones to duſt;
Rend ye to ſhreds, or tread ye into clay!
But, get ye gone!—ye may as ſoon wound air,
Water, or fire, as charmed Caliban!
The ſpirit of my dam is ſtrong in me!
Hath callous made me to weak mortals' blows;
And your united force I ſtand, and dare!
Ho, ho, ho, ho! what, are ye all aſeard?

GONZALO.

By'r lakin! I yet never was before;
But my old blood's now curdled in my veins.

PROSPERO.

Put up your ſwords, good ſirs! they're but as
ſtraws;
A charmed life, in aid of ſtrength, now given,
This beaſt hath pow'r to bring us all to nought!
My life alone fell Sycorax doth ſeek;
And that, to ſave you, will I gladly yield!
Thou more-than-devil! ſpeak thy dam's beheſt;
Which, though deſtruction follow, I obey!

CALIBAN.

Make ſtraight to land, dread Sycorax commands!
What there ſhall hap I know not;—but, I have
hope

All but thy daughter will my dam deſtroy!
My fruſtrate purpoſe then will I effect,
And people th' unknown clime with Calibans!

FERDINAND.

Peace, monſter, peace! heav'n ne'er will that permit.

PROSPERO.

Patience, my ſon! my life alone is ſought;
And what's a life, compared with chaſtity,
Connubial crown! we come and go as faſt,
As mill-ſail ſhadows courſe each other o'er
The ſunny earth, in ſwift ſucceſſive round!
Nor can I periſh, but by that decree,
To which who would not chearfully reſign!
For land, ho! pilot; fearleſs I'll aſhore,
To prove the utmoſt malice of the fiend!
Lament not, ſhould I fall;—they are not ills,
Tho' they appear ſuch, righteous heaven wills

THE SCENE CLOSES.

AN AERIAL

AN AERIAL SCENE.

Enter Ariel, *meeting other Spirits.*

ARIEL.

'Tis done, my pure co-mates! the word is giv'n!
For land! heroically Proſp'ro ſaid;
And even now the veſſel ſwiftly ſails
To the enchanted ſhore it ne'er ſhall leave:
Where, to his grief, Alonſo ſoon ſhall find
His daughter, and her mooriſh lord, enthrall'd
By a vile forc'reſs, Hyrca, leagued with Sycorax!
Now is the time to prove, celeſtial bands!
If helliſh fiends to us ſuperior are;—
Long have they vaunted, with their burning breath
To dim and ſcorch our bright ethereal forms;
To hazard that, without good cauſe, were fond:
But, now, to ſhield fair virtue is good cauſe!
By art, or force, then let's eſſay the deed;
And to good Proſp'ro's reſcue inſtant fly.—
In phalanx firm, with heav'nly armour dight;
Virtue the word! for virtue ſtrongly fight!

ARIEL SINGS.

VIRTUE's the word!
Sound the trumpet of heaven!
Draw th' adamant ſword,
Temper'd ſeven times ſeven!
To war againſt hell,
And its votaries quell,
Draw th' adamant ſword!
Sound the trumpet of heaven!

Burthen.

Virtue's the word! &c.

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GROVE IN PROSPERO'S ISLE; THE SEA IN VIEW.

The Spirit of Sycorax *deſcends.*

SYCORAX.

HERE may I ſhun the blaze of day!
In theſe my well-known purlieus ſtray;
While the doom'd veſſel ſteers to land,
Which I'll deſtroy on Hyrca's ſtrand!
In this dark grove, my mortal frame
A prey to death erewhile became;
And here remain'd my darling boy,
Young Caliban! born to annoy
All thoſe who are not of his kind;
With mother's form, and father's mind!
In yon' riv'n pine I left the elf,
Cloſe pent, who would not yield himſelf
To my deſires; for I was ſhy
O' th' amorous ſeamen, ſailing by,
And ſcared them hence! I ſo diſdain'd
All mortal commerce, ſince I gain'd
A ſpirit for my paramour!
Whoſe love I loſt on Africk's ſhore,
By one deed, which the moors thought good,
And therefore left me in this wood;
Tho' by their laws condemn'd to die,
For murder, luſt, and ſorcery!—

When

When I had ſtol'n, for ſacrifice
To Setebos, a child; the cries
Of it's ſad parents, wide miſled,
Made me reſtore it to their bed:
Fool that I was! but, ſweet it ſmil'd,
And, for the moment, clean beguil'd
My wayward nature! ſoften'd then
To tenderneſs, unknown by men;
Who dragg'd me, with unfeeling fangs,
Here, to endure ſharp labour's pangs
For unborn Caliban!—What light
So ſudden dazzles?—'tis the ſprite
I here left wedg'd; who bears a wand,
Of potency I can't withſtand!
To Barbary's coaſt,—in yon black cloud,
Which thither ſpeeds, and will enſhroud
From ſunny rays my bat-like eyes,—
I'll haſten; and, in time, apprize
Hyrca, that Proſp'ro, and his crew,
Approach: ere night the deed I'll do!

Exit, aſcending.

Enter Ariel, *with a wand, and other Spirits.*

ARIEL.

Thus far, pure friends, ſucceſs our ſkill hath
crown'd;
And art, to force preferr'd, well ſteaded us!
The pliant ground yields not more ready way
To the blind pioneer, the ſleeky mole;

Nor

Nor to th' inſinuating worm's more pervious,
Than unto us, in our diſperſed ſearch
Of this moſt precious ſtaff; which my good hap
Chanc'd firſt to 'light on: no leſs thanks ſtill due
To each, who freely earth'd his radiant form,
And help'd, when found, it's parts to reunite;
Reſtoring and augmenting its loſt pow'r!
This wand retriev'd, good Proſp'ro's ſure ſupport,
For his drown'd book, all fearleſs, we'll explore
The vaſt abyſs of the ne'er-ſounded ſea!
Should we recover that, our toil's o'erpaid;
And he again from helliſh fiends ſecure!
Now to the briny ooze; more noiſome far
Then vap'rous mine, flint, ſlime, or clogging clay;
And apt to ſoil our ſkiey-tinctur'd wings:
Which muſt be cloſe compreſs'd, as deep we dive,
And range through groves of coral; where the nymphs,
And ſea-born ſhepherds, 'neath their moiſt alcoves,
Repeat their vows, and pour forth all their loves!

ARIEL SINGS.

WE'LL view the wonders of the deep!
The pearl-ſpread plains,
The finny ſwains,
And green-hair'd mermaids coy, who keep
The herds and flocks,
That graze the rocks;
The web-foot ſea-beeves, kine, and ſheep!

Then ſadly mark each drown'd man's ſkull!
And bleached bones,
Like pebble-ſtones;
Of which blue Neptune's bed is full!
When gain'd our prize,
To air we'll riſe;
And Sycorax' fell decree annul!

[*Exeunt, towards the ſea.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

Abdallah, *King of Tunis, diſcovered in a ſumptuous Pavilion.*

ABDALLAH.

NIGHT'S curtain is withdrawn, and the clear morn
Bluſhes like baſhful bride from couch upris'n;
Whoſe yellow treſſes, all diſhevell'd, throw
A golden glare around, creating day!
But what is day after drear nights like mine,
From my ſweet bride withheld, my Claribel!
Yet, wherefore do I thus indulge deſpair?
Still may I hope to be deliver'd hence;
Still hope I ſhall regain my crown and throne;
From which, as in a dream, my queen and ſelf,
By Hyrca's ſorcery, were hither brought:
Me for her brutal luſt, deteſted hag!
And my fair bride her low-degraded ſlave!
But, ſoft! I hear the haſteful ſtep of love!
'Tis Claribel! fly ſorrow from my breaſt!
For where ſhe comes nought can abide but joy!

Enter Claribel.

CLARIBEL.

My dear Abdallah! mine and Tunis' lord!
Fain would I greet thee with a happy day;
But the fell ſorcereſs, Hyrca, wild with ire,
That her foul paſſion ſtill you treat with ſcorn,
Since midnight hath been working ſpells and charms,
The prelude of our doom'd deſtruction nigh!

ABDALLAH.

Were't but myſelf her wicked pow'r could reach,
I'd meet her utmoſt fury with a ſmile;
Yielding my firm and unpolluted fleſh
By fiery pincers to be burnt and torn!

CLARIBEL.

And thinks my love that only him would harm?
Thou know'ſt whate'er of ill ſhould thee betide,
Muſt wound the love-fraught heart of Claribel!
But, for ſome hope to mitigate this fear,
As on the ocean's marge e'en now I gaz'd,
I ſaw a gallant veſſel furl her ſails;
Whilſt from her boat ſtept divers on the ſhore:
And ſee, dear lord! already they approach.

Enter Proſpero, *and* Miranda.

MIRANDA.

'Beſeech you, ſir! venture no farther on.

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

Fear nothing, ſweet! lo, yonder is a pair,
Of human form, and moſt majeſtic port;
I will accoſt them!

MIRANDA.

Rather, ſir, avoid them!
They're ſpirits! and, tho' one ſeems fair and good,
That, with ſo dark a hue, is ſure a fiend!

PROSPERO.

Collect thyſelf, my child!—'tis but the tinct
Peculiar to the race in Africk born,
Upon whoſe coaſt we now in ſafety tread;
E'en ſuch a one, yet courteous as ourſelves,
Did Ferd'nand's ſiſter, Claribel, late wed:
Should this man prove but good as Fame ſpeaks him,
And from fell Sycorax' malice Heav'n doth ſhield,
We cannot doubt of ſuccour in our need.

CLARIBEL.

Heard you, Abdallah, what this ſtranger ſaid?

ABDLLAH.

Deareſt! I did; and am abſorb'd in wonder!
'Pleaſe you, grave ſir! approach; and you, fair maid!
Nor lack for aught, ſave what we alſo want.

Enter Ferdinand, *his ſword drawn; and, ſoon after,* Alonſo, Adrian, *and* Franciſco.

FERDINAND.

The beaſt no longer ſeems invulnerable,
But ſhuns my ſword! and, with his foul compeers,
Growling, a different track from us purſues.

PROSPERO.

To ſhare my fortunes ſince ye all perſiſt,
As yet, 'thank Heav'n! we are not only ſafe,
But landed on a ſeeming plenteous ſpot;
Where are inhabitants, of manners mild
As their ſoft climate's ſweet ſalubrious air.

ALONSO.

The mooriſh king, Abdallah, and my child!
'Tis ſure enchanted ground!—are we in Tunis?
Do we but dream? or, is it witchcraft all!

GONZALO.

Witchcraft, I doubt! and theſe but devils, ſir,
Tho' in your children's forms!

ALONSO.

Art thou my child?
An inſubſtantial ſhade? or wicked fiend!

Ferdinand. [*embracing* Claribel.

Shade art thou none, but Claribel herſelf!—
No fiend had ever pow'r to look ſo fair!

Claribel.

Claribel. [*kneeling to* Alonſo.

Aſtoniſhment hath held me dumb till now!—
'Tis your own Claribel, your wretched child!

ALONSO.

Ha! wherefore wretched? ſpeak, ungrateful king!
Did I deprive our Europe of thoſe charms,
To have my child in Tunis wretched made!

CLARIBEL.

Oh, no!—alack, ſir, we are far from thence!

ABDALLAH.

Great king of Naples! my moſt honour'd ſire!
Whom to behold again was paſt my hope—
Fly, with your goodly company, this place;
And reſcue hence your Claribel and ſon!
But, if that may not be, ſecure yourſelves.

ALONSO.

Explain, my ſon! declare what ill awaits!

ABDALLAH.

Here bides a potent ſorcereſs; by whoſe art
From Tunis we were hither ſtrangely brought,
Soon as your royal fleet had homeward ſail'd;
Myſelf the object of her foul deſire,
My virgin-queen in bondage baſely held!

Her

Her the vile witch would elſewhere fain have
ſtay'd,
But had not pow'r; and, though till now debarr'd
Due nuptial rites, on each returning morn
Like th' eaſtern ſun ſhe glads my longing eye!
For even witchcraft can't divide the pair,
Whoſe love-link'd hearts are holily conjoin'd!

PROSPERO.

Myſterious Heav'n ſure pointed out the path,
To free from hence this twain! my mind's at
reſt!
Let us, my friends, ſtrait victual home our ſhip;
And, nought impeding, quickly re-embark—
Come, I'll inſtruct you, ſirs, how to enſnare
The antelope, and dappled, bounding fawn;
Whilſt younger Ferdinand doth agile climb
The trees and cliffs, for birdlings therein neſted.

FERDINAND.

Miranda, ſweet! ſtay thou with Claribel,
Thy Ferdinand's lov'd ſiſter, and now thine;
I muſt accompany our ſires and friends,
Swift as the roe-buck to outſtrip our game!

ABDALLAH.

I'll guide you, ſtrait, to where you'll plenteous
find
The finn'd and feather'd race; unto the haunts
O' th' clamb'ring kid, and lowly, and timid hare;

Or,

Or, if a nobler game you would purſue,
The bear, fierce buffalo, and tuſked boar.

PROSPERO.

Lead on, great ſir! 'twill be a royal chace,
Wherein a king doth rouſe for us our game!
Stay with yon' fair one, chuck! nor fear miſ-
chance.
This wond'rous meeting Heav'n, I'm ſure, deſign'd
The foretaſte of ſtill greater bliſs in ſtore!

Exeunt all but Claribel *and* Miranda.

CLARIBEL.

Stranger! with whom my Ferdinand ſeems charm'd,
Say, whence and who thou art?—a queen?—his bride?
That, ſince my nuptials, he hath woo'd and wed?

MIRANDA.

Anſwer me firſt.—Why did you kiſs my love?
I much admir'd, 'till then, your angel-face!
Are you an angel, or of woman-kind?
For nought to judge by ſaw I e'er before;

Except

Except the mocking ſhadow of myſelf,
And Ariel, my grave ſire's angelick ſprite;
You moſt reſemble me, tho' fairer far!

CLARIBEL.

Thy ſpeech is paſſing ſtrange! but, if't be ſooth,
Thy innocence deceives thee overmuch.
No more can I, a woman like thyſelf,
Compare with thee, true type of Beauty's queen!
Than can with Ferdinand, the moor, my lord;
Whom, ne'ertheleſs, paſt health and life I love!

MIRANDA.

What, that dark creature!—'tis impoſſible;—
As ſoon the ſwan might on the raven dote!

CLARIBEL.

I thought like thee when firſt I ſaw the moor,
And almoſt loath'd where duty bade me love.
But my Abdallah has a ſnow-white ſoul,
Which o'er his hue a beamy luſtre throws!
He won the heart Alonſo could not give,
And chang'd my mere obedience into choice:
Then be not jealous, faireſt! thou'ſt no cauſe;
Much as a ſiſter ſhould, I Ferd'nand love;
But not a jot, ſweet! more.

CLARIBEL.

MIRANDA.

Jealous! what's that?
Is it a Naples, or a Tunis word?
I know not what it means;—but am content!
So kind you look, and fair you ſpeak, I'm ſure
You cannot mean to do me any wrong.

CLARIBEL.

Come, then, ſweet heart! and, in th' adjacent bow'r,
Repoſe thee 'till our lords and ſires return;
Taſte of the pine, or more nutritious fig;
Whilſt the pomegranate and ſharp citron's juice,
Temp'ring each other, form our pleaſing draught.

MIRANDA.

Shew me, I pray, to the clear, running ſtream;
With, if you have't, a little new-drawn milk;
Some berries, cracknels, or ripe ears of corn;
And, our creator thanking firſt, then thee
For thy great goodneſs to a ſtranger maid;
I'll break my faſt, nor covet better fare!

Enter Caliban, Anthonio, *and* Sebaſtian.

CALIBAN.

They're out of ſight and hearing far enow;
And I, ſecurely, may my miſtreſs ſeize.

ANTHONIO.

Ha! beauteous Claribel! my long belov'd!
Whom I, in Naples, for another wedded;
Hopeleſs I e'er ſhould claſp thee thus, my own!

CLARIBEL.

What means Anthonio?—ſurely you but jeſt.

MIRANDA.

The villain lords, and that abhorred beaſt!
Fly, fly, fair queen! or we're for ever loſt!

CALIBAN.

Stay, gaudy goldfinch! flit not hence ſo ſoon!
Nor thou, ſweet miſtreſs!

MIRANDA and CLARIBEL.

Ah! [*ſcreaming.*

CALIBAN.

I have ye faſt! [*Seizing the females.*

CLARIBEL.

My uncle! dear Sebaſtian! guard your neice
From this grim monſter! good Anthonio, help—

ANTHONIO.

To bear thee hence, my matchleſs Claribel!
Thy father doom'd thee to a Moor's embrace,

And

And left thee, 'mid'ſt barbarians, a ſold ſlave;
I will enfranchiſe ſtrait and make thee mine!

SEBASTIAN

And with Sebaſtian ſhall Miranda ſhare
The joys of life, and ſplendour of a crown!

CALIBAN.

But whom ſhall I have, if you each take one?
My miſtreſs have I ever hunger'd for!
Sty'd in a rock with her, on acorns fed;
Sea-brine, or ſtagnant, mantled-pool to drink;
On her alone I, gluttoning, could have gorg'd:
And nothing lack'd, having my nonpareil!
[*Attempting to claſp Miranda.*

MIRANDA.

Save me, Anthonio! ſave your helpleſs niece!

ANTHONIO.

My charge is here; Sebaſtian's your protector:

SEBASTIAN.

Forego your hold!—Miranda muſt be mine!
The other female, if Anthonio liſt,
Thou'rt free to take; but this I'll guard with life!

CALIBAN.

'Tis well there is another to appeaſe me;
Elſe her I'd have, or will, or nill ye, fool!

This is as red and white, and finer far!
Wilt thou be mine, my jay, my parroquet?
Thou'rt wond'rous gaudy; I ſhall love thee much!

ANTHONIO.

Stand off, baſe brute! this is my lovely prize;—
Miranda, only, you came here in queſt of;—
Her you muſt have, or none!

CALIBAN.

Oh, ho, oh, ho!

[*Roaring tremendouſly with anger.*

CLARIBEL.

Heav'n, what a conteſt!

MIRANDA.

No way to eſcape?

CALIBAN.

What, am I both denied?—then, both I'll have!
Your holds forego, and quit them ſtrait to me;
Or, by my dam's god, Setebos, I ſwear,
I'll flay ye quick! and rend you joint from joint!

[*Caliban ſeizing the men the ſemales get free.*]

CLARIBEL.

Fly, fly!—Abdallah!

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

Ferd'nand! father! friends! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

CALIBAN.

Let looſe, ye barnacles!—they both are flown!

ANTHONIO.

We hold thee not!—'tis thou detaineſt us!
Darting your talons through our robes and ſkins,
Which you can ſcarce withdraw!

SEBASTIAN.

I'm ſtruck to th' bone!

CALIBAN.

Thus, then, I wrench them forth!

ANTHONIO AND SEBASTIAN.

Oh!——

CALIBAN.

Howl ye? dogs!
If I could tarry I would give ye cauſe;
And into atoms tear your quivering hearts!

Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE

SCENE III.

THE SEA-BEACH.

Enter Trinculo, *and* Stephano *with his Bottle.*

TRINCULO.

WHAT a tedious time theſe lubbers are, making the boat faſt!—'would they were come! my belly cries cupboard moſt voraciouſly; and I dare not ſtir a foot up the country to look for food by myſelf, for fear of tumbling into ſuch a pit as Caliban talk'd of in his ſleep; which that fury, Sycorax, may have dug for the croſs old duke!

STEPHANO.

By the maſs, Trinculo, I would not ſtand in his ſhoes, though they be made of velvet, for his whole dukedom! I warrant ſhe and her imps will give him a warm reception! boiling in lead or oil is the leaſt he can expect!

Enter Maſter, Boatſwain, *and* Mariners.

MASTER.

Come, my hearts! now the ſhip's moor'd, and the boat haul'd aſhore, let's take a land-cruiſe in chace of ſome proviſion.

TRINCULO.

TRINCULO.

I'faith, maſter, my belly clings together like an empty ſatchel! if we had not found land here, we ſhould have been pretty ſharp ſet before we reach'd Naples; and forc'd to draw lots for a ſlice of one another.

STEPHANO.

Not whilſt we had ſuch ſack as this aboard; he that could not ſail all the world over, with this for his comfort, ought never to taſte good liquor while he breath'd at noſtrils.

MASTER.

That may do with you, honeſt butler; but we want ſomething more ſubſtantial.—Come, let us go in a body, in caſe of meeting wild beaſts, or ſavages; and ſee what this land produces:—tend to the Boatſwain's whiſtle!

BOATSWAIN. [*Blows his whiſtle.*]

Come, bear a hand, bear a hand, my hearts! a heigh!

STEPHANO.

You may bear a hand by yourſelf, for me!—I ſhall neither bear a hand, nor budge a foot, while this laſts.—I don't care for roaming any farther up this coaſt, for fear of meeting that ſhe-devil,

ſhe-devil, Sycorax; or that devil's imp, her ſon!—ſhould he find nothing elſe eatable aſhore, he'll make no bones of one or two of us!

MASTER.

For that reaſon, we ought to keep all together; that we may make the better defence againſt him.

BOATSWAIN.

Come, heave a head, you lubber! let us ſteer upward; it looks like a plentiful country:—if inhabited, we may not only get proviſion, but a willing wench into the bargain.

STEPHANO.

That thought 'rouſes me—a wench, a heigh! O, that I could but meet my queen, that was to be, the four duke's ſweet daughter; I am in a rare cue for courtſhip!

TRINCULO.

Maſs! I am in a better for a meal's meat! and would exchange the daintieſt duke's daughter in Chriſtendom, ay, and Barbary to boot, for a good belly-full!

STEPHANO.

As the old conjuror is certainly made away with, by this time; if we can but 'ſcape witchcraft

craft and cannibals, and my queen and I ſettle preliminaries, who knows but I may erect a new monarchy here:—if ſo, look to be great men, all of you!

TRINCULO.

O, rare! king Stephano for ever!

STEPHANO SINGS,

THE Pilot ſhall be my prime-miniſter;
A jewel, a gem, the ſtate-billows to ſtem:
Should any thing happen that's ſiniſter,
I ſnug may cry, hem! while you him all condemn.

The Boatſwain ſhall be my head-trumpeter;
His whiſtle ſo ſhrill, he can pipe with good ſkill:
Queen 'Randa, ſhould any dare frump at her,
The Maſter, at will, ſhall impriſon or kill.

For a Fool I'm provided in Trinculo;
While I my ſack quaff, he may quibble and laugh,
Nor ever fear being *in vinculo*:
So toſs off the draff, and away let us raff.

ALL.

For a Fool we're provided in Trinculo;
While we our ſack quaff, he may quibble and laugh,
Nor ever fear being *in vinculo*:
So toſs off the draff, and away let us raff.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A RETIRED GROVE.

Enter Caliban,

CALIBAN.

WHERE can my miſtreſs and that jay be hid?
I can find neither! and could tear myſelf
For letting them, ſo dolt-like, both eſcape!
Had I kept either, ſhe might have ſuffic'd;
Though my own miſtreſs liefer would I clip!
Nor can I ſpy my dam! I hop'd t' have ſeen
The wond'rous ſpirit, when we reach'd the land,
Deſtroy that tyrant Proſper! or, while-ere,
I had done't upon the ſea! but, what comes now?
Methinks I hear a foot-fall in yon dell;
Perchance it is my miſtreſs;—that it may!
I will enbuſh me! then, ſhould ſhe approach,
Like cat-a-mountain ſpringing, ſeize my prey!

Enter Miranda.

MIRANDA.

Whither, ah whither ſhall I bend my ſteps,
To ſeek my ſtraying father and dear lord?
Or hide me from—Protect me, heav'n! I'm caught!

CALIBAN.

CALIBAN.

'Scape if thou can'ſt again! thou now art mine,
'Spite of thoſe chattering and deceitful apes;
Who would have talk'd me out of thee, my right!
Or that much finer, but leſs beauteous, ſhe.

MIRANDA.

Be gentle, Caliban!—gripe not ſo hard!
Leſt with your talons my frail ſkin you tear!

CALIBAN.

I cannot harm thee!—tho' I meant thee ſcathe,
In puniſhment for thy late ſcornful flouts!
Be thou but kind, I will be ſo to thee!

MIRANDA.

Alack, alack! when was I otherwiſe?

CALIBAN.

Full oft to me! although I ever lov'd
And fondled thee!—when firſt into my iſle
Proſper, a puling babe, Miranda brought;
Weeping through hunger, ſhiv'ring with bleak winds;
I lick'd the tears from thy frore, blubber'd cheeks,
Nouſled and chafed thee in my hairy arms,
Hugging thee cloſe as the dam ape her cub;
Fed thee with eggs;—into thy coral mouth

From the goat's dug preſs'd the warm, foſt'ring milk;
Of thiſtle-down and goſs'mer made thy bed;
Then huſh'd and lullaby'd thee to thy ſleep,
And lack'd my own that thine might be ſecure.

MIRANDA.

I ever ſtrove to thank thee for't; and ſtill,
As from my father ſpeech and ſenſe I learn'd,
Delighted in imparting both to thee!
I never laid upon thee harſh command;
Aſſiſted always to trim up our cell;
And in each look, word, deed, was ever kind!

CALIBAN.

But kinder far to Ferdinand! though he
Ne'er nurs'd, nor ſtroak'd, nor fed, nor fondled thee!
In our lime-grove I lurk'd behind a buſh,
And ſaw the lack-beard kiſs that down-like hand;
I could have claw'd his lips off, had I dar'd!
But now, from Proſper's magick-pow'r ſet free,
Him and my rival, wench, I laugh to ſcorn;
Here have thee, and will keep thee all my own!

MIRANDA.

O, Ferdinand! my love! where art thou ſtray'd?
Haſte, and deliver me from this vile thrall!

CALIBAN.

CALIBAN.

'Twere death, ſhould Ferd'nand interrupt me now!
Though I ſeem'd fearful late, and ſhunn'd his ſword,
'Twas but in craft, to compaſs what hath happ'd;
Then ſtint this din, and let thine eyes ſoft beam;
Nor ſcorn, nor flout, for I'm not ſmooth as he!
In beauty what I lack I have in ſtrength;
More needful, to protect and get thee food!
I'll fetch thee, miſtreſs! neſts of callow birds;
The rathe lamb roaſt by fire of ſcented wood;
Gather th' empurpled grape for thy repaſt;
And weave a flow'ry garland, thee to crown
Queen of this unknown clime and me, for aye!
Give me the honey of thy lips in lieu,
And let me clip thee!

MIRANDA.

Monſter! ſtand aloof!
I feel ſtrange courage, and unuſual ſtrength;
Nor longer fear thee or thy brutal force!
A heavenly inſpiration doth aſſure
No ill ſhall 'gainſt a ſpotleſs maid prevail!
The Lybian lion at my feet would crouch,
Tho' hunger-driv'n, if what I've read be true;
Nor murkieſt fiends, nor thou, more dreadful yet,
Can ſoil or harm troth-plighted, clear virginity!

Enter

Enter Stephano *and* Claribel.

STEPHANO.

Go to! I know you are queen of Tunis;—the fitter to be my ſpouſe:—for, I intend to be king of this new-diſcover'd country.

CLARIBEL.

Hence, rudeſby! nor inſult me more, bold ſlave!
Who, thus inebriated, doſt forget
The due reſpect unto thy ſov'reign's child!

MIRANDA.

Ah, my ſweet friend! meet we again in woe?

STEPHANO.

Bully monſter! haſt thou been looking for a conſort too, and lighted upon my queen o'the iſland, that was to be?—all's one!—madam Claribel will ſerve my turn, and ſhe is a queen ready-made to my hands.

CALIBAN.

This is no time for jeſts! avaunt, dull aſs!—
Lo! who are theſe? ſome of my dam's grim goblins!

CLARIBEL.

My brave Abdallah comes to reſcue us!—
Fierce Hyrca too? ſtill do I fear we're loſt!

Enter

Enter Hyrca, *with a wand, and* Abdallah.

HYRCA.

Ungrateful moor! is this my love's return?
Was't not enough to wed curſt Claribel!
But you muſt now with guilty wretches plot
To leave fond Hyrca ſighing to the winds!
Who, by her art, ſafe brought thee to this ſpot;
Which an elyzium to us well might prove,
Would'ſt thou but——

ABDALLAH.

What! ſubmit to thy embrace?
Forſake my Claribel, my beauteous bride!
For thee? foul ſorcereſs! form'd to loath, not love!
How can'ſt thou hope it? in the mirror view
Thy form forbidding, which 'gainſt love would plead,
Tho' no deformity of mind thou ow'd'ſt;
Crying aloud,—look on fair Claribel!

HYRCA.

Rather, thou ſcornful!—which thou mayſt repent—
View in the glaſs or ſtream thy ſwarthy hue,
With each peculiarity of clime;
And, wond'ring ſay,—how thus can Hyrca doat?

Or

Or this thy fair-faced moppet but endure!
Then yet be wiſe;—your new-found friends
are ſeiz'd,
And Sycorax will vengeance on them wreak!
Would'ſt thou not ſhare their fate, throw by this
ſcorn;
Receive my proffer'd love; quit Claribel;
Or thou their ſtudied torments ſhalt partake!

ABDALLAH.

Wert thou more fair (could heav'n a fairer make)
Than e'en my beauteous Claribel herſelf;
With art more potent than all hell in league;
For her alone I live! for her would die!

HYRCA:

And die thou ſhalt! my love I blow to air!
Inſatiate fury and revenge poſſeſs me!
That face, thou think'ſt ſo fair, ſhalt thou ſee
ſcarr'd;
Thoſe eyes, you call twin-ſtars——

ABDALLAH.

Hear me, fell fiend!——

HYRCA.

Speak not! thou ſhalt not! with this touch
thou'rt dumb!
Whilſt ſlighted Hyrca hath the power of ſpeech,
Abdallah's

Abdallah's voice ſhall but in groans be heard,
In concert with, deteſted rival! thine;
As you both ſtruggle in the pangs of death!

CLARIBEL. [*kneeling.*

Oh! mercy! mercy!

HYRCA.

Hence! I know it not!

CLARIBEL.

Spare, ſpare my lord! let only Claribel die,
The lamb, that licks the butcher's bloody hand,
Shall not ſubmit more patient to the knife!

[*Thunder heard, and a vaſt glare of light ſeen.*]

HYRCA.

Hark! I am ſummon'd Sycorax to attend!
The ſhip now blazes on the fatal ſtrand,
Appointed ſignal of her freight's dread doom.—
Thou, ſtranger-maid, muſt ſhare their deſtin'd fate!

MIRANDA.

If my lov'd Ferdinand and father fall,
'Twill be Miranda's greateſt bliſs to die!

HYRCA.

Unto the burning veſſel ſtrait repair,
And in its flames to periſh, Moor! prepare;

Love, Pity, Mercy, hence! Revenge now reigns!
Sycorax and Hyrca ſtalk the ſanguine plains!

[*Exit* Hyrca, *waving her wand, and charming* Abdallah, Claribel, Miranda *and* Caliban *to follow.*—Caliban *and* Stephano *remain.*

STEPHANO.

Come, mooncalf, now the ſhe-fire-drake is gone, have a ſup of my bottle; ſhe ſcared me out of my ſeven ſenſes with her quaint jarring, or ſhe ſhould not have taken away my queen-elect.

CALIBAN.

We, too, muſt follow!—felt you not her charm?
Me it pulls hard;—did I not wiſh to go,
It would compel:—but, 'tis my heav'n-on-earth,
That I, at length, ſhall ſee my mighty dam
Daſh tyrant Proſper to the flinty earth;
On his vile trunk I'll ſtamp, rend wide his gorge;
Avenging my long thraldom with his blood!

[*Exit* Caliban.

STEPHANO.

Go thy ways for a blood-thirſty, and moſt monſtrous monſter! when I was pot-valiant once, indeed, I had ſome notion of knocking out the old conjuror's brains myſelf;—but, now that I am

I am ſober, I can't bear the thought of murder! no, not even manſlaughter! ſo, that I may n't be an acceſſary, I'll e'en go look after our ſhip, the fury ſaid was o' fire; and, if it be not burnt, get aboard again, as faſt as I can paddle the boat, or oar myſelf to it!

[*Drinks till his bottle is empty.*]

Enter Trinculo.

TRINCULO.

Oh, Stephano! Stephano! what will become of us, Stephano? we are undone for ever! left upon this outlandiſh place, to live upon hips and haws, crab-apples, and pignuts, as long as ſuch traſh will keep life and ſoul together!

STEPHANO.

Why, what a murrain! the ſhip is not really burnt; is it, Trinculo?

TRINCULO.

Every ſtick and thread of it! as we were going aboard, to waſh down our wild breakfaſt with a draught of ſack; not being able to find the boat again, we waited 'till the tide ſhould ebb, and leave the ſhip aground; which it had no ſooner done, than a legion of devils flew over our heads, ſet fire to her, and, in a moment, tore her all to pieces, like a handful of lighted flax!

STEPHANO.

Mayhap they'll make lighted flax of us next!—what a villainous voyage we have made on't!—my wine is all gone,—I am dry as tinder, and ſhall burn like touchwood! this is all owing to the duke's drowning his magical book, and breaking his conjuring ſtick:—if he had but them, ſafe and ſound, he'd be a match for the old-one himſelf!

[*Thunder, &c.*]

TRINCULO.

Oh, lord! oh, lord! the devils are coming here now!

STEPHANO.

Are they? why then they may burn my wooden bottle, for there's nothing in it; and the devil take the hindmoſt!

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

THE BEACH.

The Remains of the Ship burning; Sycorax *and other Fiends encircling the Fire.*

A DANCE and CHORUS.

AROUND! and around!
Let the welkin reſound,
To heighten our pleaſures!
About the burnt ſhip
Let us gambol, and ſkip;
While, in myſtical meaſures,
We beat the charm'd ground!

After ſome magical ceremonies,
SYCORAX SINGS.

MY victims come! let Silence reign!
Unleſs the bird of night,
To add to their affright,
By day to cry ſhall deign!
Or ſheeted ghoſts howl, yell, and moan;
Or deadly mandrakes ſhriek and groan;
To aggravate their pain!

Chorus of Fiends.

Let Silence reign!

Enter Hyrca, *charming* Abdallah, Claribel, Miranda *and* Caliban *to follow her; at the ſame time Enter, on the oppoſite ſide, impelled by fiends,* Proſpero, Alonſo, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, Adrian, *and* Franciſco.

SYCORAX

SYCORAX SPEAKS.

Welcome, my friend, and darling ſon!
Theſe wretches' line is nearly ſpun!
For, lo! their frames no more can bear;
With ſtony eyes they, ſpeechleſs, glare!
Now, Hyrca, ſhall we vengeance due
Wreak on this curſt, devoted crew!
Done is ev'ry charm and ſpell,
Of melody, or diſmal yell;
With myſtick incantations dire,
As we circled hell-ſtol'n fire!
And crackling flames to aſhes turn'd
The veſſel we have, joyful, burn'd!
Now ſpeak, proud tyrant, ere thy breath
For aye expire in horrid death!

PROSPERO.

Nor this, nor direſt deeds of hell combin'd,
Can ſhake, or alter my ſtill ſtedfaſt breaſt!
Conſcious I have in nought offended yet,
More than inherent frailty of weak man,
I know juſt Heav'n will not permit my fall;
But, by inſcrutable, myſterious ways,
T' accompliſh ſome outweighing good dependent:
Convinc'd of that, I bow me to my fate!—
Yet, if you know what means the gentle word,
Have pity on my children, and lov'd friends;
And let my death dread Sycorax appeaſe!

SYCORAX.

SYCORAX.

Thy death appeaſe, fall'n tyrant? no!
Thy friends unto thee firſt I'll ſhow
In torments, worſe than regicide,
Or zealous martyr ever tried;
At which if thou dar'ſt once repine,
Their pangs ſhall be delight to thine!
And, what I know will irk thee more
Than tortures manifold and ſore,
Ere thy vile thread of life be ſpun,
Thy daughter will I give my ſon!

CALIBAN.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! I thank thee, gentle dam!
Soon ſhall ſhe bring brave brood of Calibans!

PROSPERO. [*Kneeling.*

All righteous Providence, permit not this!
In thee, Moſt High! confiding, I reſign'd
My potent magick, which had now beſted;—
Let not thy ſervant periſh for much faith!
But, if pure chaſtity ſeem good to thee,
Send down ſome guardian Angel to defend,
And from perdition ſnatch a ſpotleſs maid!

Grand Harmonious Muſick is heard.

Ariel *deſcends, bearing a wand and book, attended by other Spirits.*

THEY SING.

VIRTUE is the High One's care!
Who to ſhield it from vile luſt,
Sends his Spirits of pure air,
From the manſions of the juſt!

The

The Fire ſinks; Sycorax, Hyrca, Caliban, *and Fiends, go off howling amidſt Thunder, &c.*

ARIEL.

All hail, my Heav'n-tried maſter! Proſpero hail!
To recompenſe your former kindneſses,
Hath Ariel div'd i'th' oozy Neptune's bed;
Your precious magick-volume reſcued thence:
And into Tellus' boſom deeply pierc'd,
Your broken, buried wand recovering;
With th' aid of theſe, my fellow miniſters,
Firm re-united, and of greater force.
Accept them, maſter! from your grateful ſprite;
You now again have power: ſtill uſe it right!

PROSPERO.

Heaven heard my prayer! to Heaven thanks firſt are due!
Next unto thee, my kind, my gentle Ariel!
And theſe pure Spirits, who vouchſafed their aid!
My children! lov'd Gonzalo! dear friends all!
Like monumental marble thus enfix'd,
Move! ſpeak! embrace! ye now, again, are free!

[*Waving his Wand.*

ABDALLAH.

My queen!

CLARIBEL.

My lord!

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

My Ferdinand!

FERDINAND.

Sweet love!

ALONSO.

Thou wond'rous man! who haſt unlock'd our
ſpell,
How can we thank or praiſe thee as we ought!

PROSPERO.

Your thanks and praiſes offer up to Heaven!
Nor Proſpero, nor e'en Ariel, now hath freed you;
But the Moſt High! before whoſe throne all
bow!

GONZALO.

My joints are old and ſtiff; but to my God
No youth with a more ſupple knee ſhall bend!

ARIEL.

Ye favour'd friends!—reſtoring firſt this King,
And Virgin Queen, unto afflicted Tunis,—
In Italy you'll ſoon be fully bleſt!
Where, by my means inform'd of theſe events,
Gentle and ſimple, old and young, now throng,
Numerous as ſands the ſhore, to greet this
train.

PROSPERO.

But that, my chick! exceeds my utmoſt art.
Our ſhip deſtroy'd, we here muſt patient wait
'Till Heaven hath granted means for our return.

ARIEL.

That Heaven hath done! the ſadly home-bound fleet,
Conducted here by me, now joyful waits
To bear you ſafely hence.

[*The Fleet appears.*]

Once more embark!
Ye ſcatter'd remnants I'm allow'd to ſave,
Haſte, and be reſcued from a living grave!
All but th' uſurping duke, and regicide!
Here for their crimes they're ever doom'd to bide,
And echo with their groans, on this ſtrange ſhore,
Hyrca's dire ſhrieks, curſt Caliban's fell roar!
Whilſt Sycorax, replung'd i' th' lake of fire,
Shall ne'er be freed till Nature's ſelf expire!

PROSPERO.

Muſt then my wretched brother here be left?
Him and Sebaſtian I could now forgive!

ARIEL.

It may not be!—Heaven's merciful, but juſt!

PROSPERO.

Heaven's will be done!

ARIEL.

ARIEL.

Here bend the wond'ring crew.

Enter Maſter, Boatſwain, *Mariners*, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

ARIEL.

Now farewell all!—my duty thus complete,
I will but tend to Italy the fleet,
And ſee my maſter paſt all perils' power;
Then ſeek repoſe i' th' bell of ſome ſweet flower!

ARIEL SINGS.

FROM Bondage free,
Sweet Liberty
Shall Ariel hence enjoy!
I'th' Bee's quaint Cell,
Or Muſk-roſe dwell;
Upon the Goſs'mer toy!
Then, ſportive, fly
To th' azure Sky;
Outſoar the Eagle far:
In Sun-beams play,
The live-long Day;
And ſhine at Night a Star!

PROSPERO.

My gentle friends! ere we depart,
A word or two on magick-art.
Though the dread demons of this hour,
To hell and ſorcery ow'd their pow'r;

Let

Let not all magick be decried,
As helliſh and unſanctified.
Virtue's our magick-ſtaff! our book
Pure Piety!—with Faith who look
Thereon, may antres vaſt explore;
Or, fearleſs, hear hoarſe Neptune roar:
Pervade the endleſs, endleſs ſkies;
See ſyſtem upon ſyſtem riſe:
Soar to the center of all ſpace;
Kneel at the Throne of Heavenly Grace!

HYMN,

By the attendant Spirits.

HAIL, Virtue! eldeſt born of Light!
Whoſe ray illumes the darkeſt cell!
Whoſe preſence makes e'en Heaven more bright!
With Faith and Piety ſtill dwell!

THE END.